DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE BOY WHO BUILT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

Joseph Paxton was born of poor parents in the village of Milton-Bryant, near Woburn, Bedfordshire, in 1803. He was what we should call one of the laboring classes. His career seemed to be cut and dried for him. He would go in due course to the parish school, to learn to read and write. He would stay there as short a time as possible, and then go out as a laboring lad to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and after a long life of labor mingle his dust in the village churchyard, and be forgotten!

Young Paxton went to the free school, and left it after a very few years to go out as a gardener's boy. The place offered, and it was thought a fortunate thing to get him out into the world so quickly. After some time he went to Chiswick as assistant in the grounds of the sixth Duke of Devonshire, his duties being of the humblest nature, as one might expect. It was said, I think, of Lord Brougham that if he had been a shoeblack instead of a great lawyer he would not have rested until he became the best shoeblack in England, and it is that ceaseless desire to excel which makes all the difference between success and failure in life. Young Joseph Paxton, although handling a broom, was not willing to sit down quietly and let the world take its course. He found out books—good books, books that taught him something—and with one of these in his pocket would sally forth to his weeding and sweeping. When the meal times came round he would sit down for a quiet read, enjoying the murmur of the summer air through the stately trees, and the cawing of the rooks and the perfume of the flowers. He read about trees and flowers, and began already to have his own ideas upon the subject of gardening. He observed things, and asked questions of men and books, sometimes getting them answered, and sometimes not. It was when he was at this kind of work that the old Duke of Devonshire—"My Duke," the young fellow used to call him afterward—came upon him unexpectedly during the dinner hour. The duke had many people in his employment but he was always ready to take an interest in each one, and, being passionately fond of flowers himself, he could feel pleasure in talking to the humblest person on the subject he loved. Young Paxton rose to his feet and raised his cap, holding in his other hand the book on which he had been engaged when the duke and his great mastiff came walking that way. There was something in the boy's bright face and respectful manner which pleased the duke, and he stopped to say a few words to him, but especially to see the sort of book he was reading. "Show me your company, and I'll tell you what you are," is a proverb that is as true of the books we read as it is of the boys and men with whom we associate. I have seen well-dressed boys, clean and fresh, who would have shrunk away in disgust from the touch of a man fouled by having fallen in the mire, who have yet enjoyed books that have soiled their minds for life. The boy who has courage enough to fling a bad book into the fire without opening its leaves is true to himself; but after all, he does no more than the man who kills a viper lying in his path ready to sting him.

The duke discovered that young Paxton was trying to improve his mind, and the very fact of a lad studying without being driven to it made an impression on the nobleman. He afterward took opportunities of asking him questions, and found him to be quick, cheerful, and eager to learn. The lad was a gardener, and he wished to be a good one. He had no vague ideas as to what he might do if he were differently placed. He could not alter his birth, or his name, or his station, but he could, by honest work, bring honor to all three, as he did. After some time spent in the duke's gardens at Chiswick, young Paxton was sent to Chatsworth, and there being placed in a more responsible position he proved worthy of promotion.

YOUNG PAXTON AND THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.

Chatsworth well deserves the name of palace. It is one of the oldest and noblest private houses in England. The domain in which it stands, amid the wild scenery of Derbyshire, was thought worthy to be the gift of William the Conqueror to his son William Peveril.

In the old mansion Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner for thirteen years, and her portrait hangs on the wall of the state drawing-room at this day.

The Dukes of Devonshire, from father to son, carried on the improvements in the house and grounds until they became known through Europe as the most magnificent in the world. When young Paxton went to Chatsworth he showed such remarkable skill and judgment that the duke raised him to the position of chief gardener. It was evident that the young man had a natural taste for flowers, and that he had improved and enlarged his natural powers by reading. If any one had told young Paxton when he was sweeping up the dead leaves at Chiswick that his name would be linked through many generations with one of the most splendid mansions in England, he would have thought it absurd, but it soon became plain that Paxton's master hand was making Chatsworth more beautiful than ever.

He was consulted on all the work that was done, and suggested most of the improvements that were made. The great conservatory was almost altogether his design. It is without a rival in Europe. It occupies nearly an acre of ground, and has a carriage-drive through it. It contains 70,000 or more feet of glass.

The fame of Paxton's work spread beyond the limits of our own country, and the splendor of the Duke of Devonshire's palace gained new lustre by the efforts of the poor gardener's boy.

He was soon to win a world-wide reputation as the architect of the building in which the world's fair was held in Hyde Park in 1851.

The Great Exhibition, as it will be always called, was not the first that had been held, but there was in the extent and grandeur of its conception something that raised it far above everything of its kind either before or since. It was to Prince Albert that the idea

of such an exhibition was due. He worked with unfailing effort to make it a great success and, in spite of difficulties which now would seem almost insurmountable, he made it so. It was one thing to collect from all the countries in the world specimens of art and manufacture, but it was another matter to find a building large enough to contain them.

The great architects of the day furnished designs of what they considered the proper thing. They were vast sheds of brick and mortar, like gigantic railway stations, and were anything but beautiful. The Prince and all the Commissioners felt the sheds to be a mistake, but what could be done? "Done!" echoed the poor gardener's boy, risen to be the then honored and trusted manager of the Duke of Devonshire's estates; "try iron and glass!" and he sketched hastily his idea of what was required. It was just the thing. Mr. Paxton was invited to submit his plan to the Commissioners, and having seen it, they at once adopted it. It rose like a dream of fairy-land, and became the wonder of the world.

Of the opening day—the 1st of May, 1851—the Queen has written the most touching and graphic description. It was to her one of the greatest triumphs of a happy life, for it was the triumph of his efforts whom she loved so well. "The glimpse of the transept through the iron gates, the waving palms, flowers, statues, myriads of people filling the galleries and seats around, with the flourish of trumpets as we entered, gave us a sensation which I can never forget, and I felt much moved. . . The sight as we came to the middle was magical—so vast, so glorious, so touching; one felt, as so many did whom I have since spoken to, filled with devotion—more so than by any service I have ever heard. The tremendous cheering, the joy expressed on every face, the immensity of the building, the mixture of palms, flowers, trees, statues, fountains, the organ (with two hundred instruments and six hundred voices, which sounded like nothing), and my beloved husband, the author of this peace festival, which united the industry of all nations of the earth—all this was moving indeed, and it was and is a day to live for ever. God bless my dearest Albert! God bless my dearest country, which has shown itself so great to-day! One felt so grateful to the great God, who seemed to pervade all and to bless all!"

Not a single accident or unpleasantness occurred amid the vast throng, which, inside and out, was not less than a million of people. One hundred thousand were within the building at one time—a number sufficient for the population of a good-sized city. London seemed to be on holiday; Europe seemed to have crossed the Channel to enjoy itself in Hyde Park; everywhere the novelty and beauty of the Palace were themes of wonder and praise, and when the poor gardener's boy received the honor of knighthood, it was felt to be a fitting acknowledgment of his share in the Great Exhibition of 1851.

It was at first desired to keep the Crystal Palace in Hyde Park, but that being found impossible, it was moved to Sydenham, and re-erected at a cost of one and a half million in 1854.

In 1854 Sir Joseph Paxton was elected M.P. for Coventry, which he continued to represent until his death.

He proved of great service during the Crimean war by organizing a corps of navvies, from the workmen engaged in building the Crystal Palace at Sydenham. He foresaw that in a foreign country our troops could make but little progress without road and rail, and indeed the disasters which befell our brave soldiers during that dreadful war were mainly owing to the difficulties of moving provisions and arms.

He died on the 8th of June, 1865, after a short illness, and although his highest claim in life was that of being a good gardener, he proved himself able to cope with difficulties which might have marred the success of a great national undertaking.

The poor laboring lad lived to add lustre to the name of the nobleman who befriended him, to secure the gratitude of the nation for his prompt and brilliant answer to a most difficult question, and to secure the good will and friendship of all who had an opportunity of testing the kindness of his heart and the simplicity of his life.—*Boys' Own Paper.*

Temperance Department.

THE BEAUTIFUL TOTAL-ABSTINENCE BOYS.

About two thousand years ago there were, in the city of Babylon, four boys who had been carried captive from their native country. The king loved to have clever and beautiful youths about him, so he ordered one of the noblemen of his court to choose out some of the most beautiful of these captives, and for three years to educate them in all knowledge and science, and to feed them well; so that at the end of that time they might be fitted to wait upon him and adorn his court. The king was so anxious that these boys should grow strong and handsome, that he even sent food and wine from his own table for them; day by day, as his table was spread, he remembered his young captives, and sent them their portion.

But these lads had greater wisdom than those who were set over them; and they requested simpler food. Daniel, the chief of the four boys, made a resolve that he would not drink wine. It is not said that he signed a pledge, most likely he did not, but we read that he "purposed in his heart." Now that was a good place to purpose in. Some children purpose in their heads, and then when the temptation comes, they yield. Daniel and his three friends made a heart-resolve, and they kept it.

When these lads told their master, Melzar, about it, he was rather annoyed. If they had been their own masters, he felt they could have done as they liked; but they were captives, and the king's command was that they should drink his wine. So Melzar reasoned with them, and told them that if they were seen to be getting thinner and weaker, the king would enquire into the cause of it, and would probably behead him for not carrying out his commands

"Well," said Daniel, "only try us for ten days; give us vegetables to eat and water to drink, and then see how we look compared to those who drink wine. If we look as well as the wine-drinkers, then let us continue to drink nothing but water."

Melzar thought this only fair, so he consented to do as they wished. And at the end of the ten days he found that the water-drinkers looked better, and were fatter than those who took the king's wine. So from that time all through the three years, those four brave youths kept to their principles and drank nothing but water. They had been severely tested—they had been tempted, and even commanded to drink wine—but they said, "No, give us water to drink."

How did they get on in after-life? Did these total-abstainers turn out weak, and timid, and cowards? I will tell you. When they came before the king, at the end of the three years, he found that they were wonderfully clever and accomplished, and that Daniel could interpret dreams. The king examined all the boys, but the total-abstainers stood at the head of the class, and were found to be ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers in the kingdom. So they were appointed to wait upon the king.

Years after, great trial came upon them—three of the number refused to bow down to an image which the king had set up; because God had commanded that His children should not bow down to images, and they obeyed Him, not fearing the wrath of the king. He was exceedingly angry, and threw them into a burning fiery furnace; but God protected them, and they were not burnt, but came out again, and were made rulers in the province of Babylon.

Yes, if children want to grow up brave, courageous, firm to resist evil, let them become total-abstainers. Cold water is the drink that God made for people; intoxicating liquors are drinks that man makes, and he makes them out of rotten wheat, and poisonous berries, and strong mineral substances, that God never intended to be used in that way. God sends us beautiful fields of waving barley and wheat, growing up rich and golden; He gives it to us for food. He never intended us to take that grain, and let it stand in large kilns till it is rotten, then mixing it with all sorts of other things, in order to make a drink. God never intended that. And the sooner we give up all that poison, and keep to the drink that God gives us, the better we shall be in every way.

Most of the evil in the world can be traced to strong drink, and if children wish to grow up healthy and wise, let them keep clear of it!

Where will you find more splendid characters in all history than that of Daniel and his friends? Who have ever stood up more bravely for the right than those three in the fiery furnace? And who obeyed God more fully than Daniel, though his obedience led him to the lions' den? And they were all total-abstainers.

There are many of them now, and a brave, bright band they are. One of their number, a young sailor-lad, said the other day, "I am glad to be ashore again, it has been an awful time of temptation out at sea. The captain sent us each two bottles of grog as a Christmas present, and I said to the chap that brought it, 'You can take it back again, I am not going to touch it.' When I signed the pledge I determined never to touch the drink again, and I never have."

That lad stood the same test that Daniel and his companions did, and he is now employed by total-abstainers and is likely to do well. It is not only on shipboard or in foreign courts that such temptations come. They surround us everywhere, and you, dear young friends, will find them on every side, and will surely yield, unless, like Daniel, you purpose in your heart you will never touch intoxicating liquors.

Your Band of Hope pledge is a great safeguard to you. You might, of course, be a total-abstainer without it, but when any one tempted you to drink, you would not feel so strong to resist the temptation. You might say, "I never drink wine or beer." And they would at once ask, "Are you pledged?" and if you had to say "No," then in many cases the tempter would say, "Oh, then take just one glass; you need never take another, but take one now to please me." And you might not have the courage to refuse! But if you could say, "I am pledged not to touch intoxicating drink," what a help that would be! A man who had deeply fallen through strong drink, and had been accustomed to spend most of his evenings in the public-house, was persuaded by some friends to take the pledge. He did so, but it was a sore struggle for him to stand by his resolve. He always kept his pledge-card in his waistcoat-pocket, and he said, "Sometimes when I pass the public-house the temptation to go in is so strong I catch hold of my pledge-card, and hold it fast till I get past the door." The pledge, by God's blessing, helped that man, and it may help you, too, in time of trial.—*Band of Hope Review.*

THINE IS THE POWER.

BY HOPE LEDYARD.

"Just like his father; sure to go the same way."

Jim Hunt had heard this or something like, ever since he first began to notice what people said, when, as a blue-eyed baby boy, friends would say, "Very like his father;" and the little one would feel mamma's arm clasp in a little tighter, and wondered that she sighed as she tried to smile and look pleased as a wife should. He used to wonder why his mother never snatched him up and called him, "Dear papa over again, bless the boy," as Aunt Mary did Joe—Joe wasn't half as nice-looking. But as the years went by, dimly at first and then more clearly, Jim began to understand that if he were to make his mother happy, if he hoped to gain a good name, he must not be like his father; and it was then that the outspoken and a whispered comment, on his looks or ways, made him feel reckless and discouraged.

At fourteen, James (as he longed to be called) stood well in his classes and determined to get a situation at one of the village stores; but his father's name was a hindrance. Little Jack Pettigrew, who had been sure his father would take Jim "as he was wantin' a boy," told his friend in innocent confidence that "Papa said none of that set was any 'count." When two or three others refused him situations, with lame excuses or none at all, the boy felt full of bitter despair.

"There's no help for me—I may as well loaf on corners and learn to smoke and carry on with that crowd I've always kept from—they will be friends and no one else will."

James did not worry his mother with all this. The situation, with its addition to her slender resources, was to have been a delightful surprise to her and he kept his trouble and disappointment to himself; but his Sunday-school teacher, Mrs. Driscombe, who watched the boy more carefully than he knew had heard of his applications and failures, and knew that the boy had reached a crisis in his life. "God help me to show him the right road," she prayed.

It happened that the lesson the next Sunday morning was on the power of God, and Mrs. Driscombe asked the boys when we had proof that God would exert His power to deliver us from all evil, evil associates, inherited weakness, naturally bad dispositions or perplexities.

"I suppose when he says, 'If ye ask anything in my name I will do it,' said one.

"That certainly implies the power, but I referred to a prayer we often use, familiar to all, which shows us plainly God's power over evil. I think very often we all grow discouraged over besetting sins which seem born with us; and sometimes you hear people say, 'It's my way, I can't help it.' And they can not, in their own strength—by their own power. But think, we say, each day, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is * * * the power.' Dear boys, we could not any of us conquer our surroundings if placed as some are, but that God's power is behind us. No boy need despair of himself when that power is behind him." Mrs. Driscombe did not look at James as she said this, but a moment after she saw he had caught at the hope, had been braced to bear the disappointment, and then she ventured to ask him to walk home with her, and the boy's confidence was easily won.

"Every one says I'm just my father over again, and I'm not—I won't be."

"Dear James, I think the safest way would be to say, I may be like father, but by God's help I'll live a different life from his. It is those who fear a fall who are safest in religious things. I knew your dear father as a young man—almost a boy, and you remind me of him all the time."

James winced, but Mrs. Driscombe appeared to take no notice, and went on.

"Your grandfather drank and Charles, your father, was much ashamed of it and prided himself on his strength of character. 'He would never make a fool of himself,' 'Any man ought to know when to stop.' James, he had not the power to fight his inherited tastes—he did his best; he was looked up to and respected for years and married one of the sweetest girls in town, but then business troubles came suddenly upon him; his two eldest children died in one week, and he was persuaded, by some friends (perhaps they did not know his awful inheritance) to try stimulants to 'steady his nerves.' In a year everything was changed, and by the time your sister was a girl of four and you were laid in your mother's arms, your father was as great 'a fool' as his father before him."

"Then you think folks are right, and that I'll come to no good?"

"No, indeed! I think you are full of promise, and the men who have refused you positions have lost the chance of a faithful boy; but I am sure you need not fear anything as long as you pray humbly, 'Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil, for thine is the power.' Have you asked God to get you a place?"

"No, ma'am; I was ashamed. I don't—I don't pray about every day-things."

"Ah, James, you forgot that the Lord was a boy once. He knows and understands your boy's heart. Ask him to lead you where you can help your mother."

The boy made no answer, Mrs. Driscombe's house was reached, and with a boyish bow he walked off, but he did not forget. That night he "went and told Jesus," and felt comforted and encouraged. Besides, Mrs. Driscombe's references to Mr. Hunt's early life had softened the boy's heart toward his weak father, and the poor man noticed his respectful attentions, and stayed at home that Sunday evening in spite of "an engagement with a friend."

Not many days after, James obtained a position, and trusting in God's power, steadily prayed to be delivered, he has kept on rising from one post to another, till to-day, a tried and tested man, no one dreams he will ever be "just like his father," except James Hunt himself, who never forgets his peril or on whom his dependence is placed.—*Church and Home.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BITS OF ADVICE.

HOW TO BEHAVE AT THE TABLE.

"I wish my mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark was rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank at once added,

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you when I said that; I meant strangers, like ministers, and gentlemen from out West, and young ladies."

"Oh," said I, "I am very glad to be an exception and to be assured that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said; "I just hate it."

Perhaps one reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable, and so at ease as they might on special occasions at the table, is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary home folks. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own tables. Nobody should presume to sit down to a meal without making a proper toilet before hand. Boys ought to be careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces clean, their nails free from stain and soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up, and give them the outward appearances of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. Of course you know that you are not to eat with your knife. Fifty years ago people frequently ate with their knives, and it is quite possible that now and then you may see some old-fashioned person doing so; but it is not customary now, nor is it safe or convenient. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, you should leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table-cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the very last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eaten in that way. Eating should go on quietly, and not hastily. Nothing is worse than to make a noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps.

Do not think about yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors. Poor Frank's unhappy state of mind was caused by his thinking too much about himself, as well as by a little uncertainty as to what were precisely the right things to be done.—*By Aunt Marjorie Precept in Methodist.*

BABY'S NAP.

The great fact which we are all apt to forget in talking about the management of children is that no two babies are just alike, and what suits one case perfectly will work mischief in another. As Mrs. Partington says: "There's as much difference in folks as in anybody," and babies are only "folks" just started.

You remember that old fellow we studied about at school, with his iron bedstead, who cut off the heads of those who were too long, and stretched out those who were too short? Well, don't try to bring up your baby after that fashion. It is worse than useless to have a set of inexorable rules. The rules should be made to fit the baby, not the baby the rules.

In the simple matter of putting baby to sleep, Mrs. Superior Wisdom will say in her lofty way: "I don't believe in rocking or cuddling babies at all; I always used to lay mine right down on the bed, and go away and leave them. If they cried, they might cry till they got tired." Now, Mrs. Superior Wisdom's children are what grandmother Badger calls, "white, still children like dipped candles by natur'," with no more nerves than an oyster; of course, they would lie still and go to sleep—they didn't want anything better. But with a child who inherits a nervous temperament, who is so wide-awake all over, that it is a slow process for muscles, and nerves, and brain to quiet themselves, sleep must be coaxed. I know all about it. Didn't I listen to Mrs. S. W., and out of the depths of my conscientious desire to be a Spartan, sensible mother, put my oldest baby to all manner of unnecessary misery? She was a nervous, excitable child—now, if over-tired, will lie broad awake for an hour or two in the middle of the night—and I let her cry herself to sleep, well, more times than I shall another, if I have forty. And her poor father was insane enough to think he must "spat" her to make her stop crying and go to sleep. "It was nothing but temper," he said, while I, poor misguided wretch, aided and abetted him! There ought to be a petition in the Litany—"From all our negligences and ignorances, Good Lord deliver our children!"—*Scribner's Monthly.*

THE MUSCLES.

Our strength is all in our muscles, and is measured by the strength with which they can contract; not for a short time, but steadily and permanently,—of course, with the proper intervals of rest.

A young girl in the delirium of fever may seem suddenly to have the strength of two men, but she soon sinks back utterly helpless. A person of high spirit may put forth a few tremendous efforts, to be followed by a sense of extreme exhaustion, and soreness and pain, that show that the muscles have been strained

On the contrary, a man of strong digestion well fed, and with muscles inured to heavy labor, can work vigorously all day, the year through, without exhausting his physical energies, but rather enhancing them. He can put forth muscular effort that would break down a sedentary man in a few hours, however high-spirited.

Not a few very intelligent men seem wholly ignorant of these simple facts. We knew a doctor of divinity who having become convinced that he needed vigorous out-door exercise, began at once wheeling heavy loads of stone and earth. After an hour or two of this work he forever yielded up his new convictions—at least the practice of them.

Many persons enfeebled by sedentary habits and excessive brain-work do themselves harm and not good by over-doing exercise at the outset. The true rule is, if you wish to get healthful benefit by exercise, to begin the exercise gently, increase it slowly, and keep within the limits of fatigue.

Spirited students are constantly injuring themselves by feats of strength in wrestling or rowing. Occasionally the heart itself—which is simply a hollow muscle—suddenly gives way under the strain, and serious or fatal results follow.

Senseless and heartless drivers often think to beat strength into the muscles of an over-burdened horse—they put into the poor animal the strength of the madman at the expense of its real working power.—*Youth's Companion.*

MAKE SABBATH A HAPPY DAY.

The mother of thirteen children, I well understand how hard she feels it to keep all, of various ages, properly and profitably employed on Sabbath afternoons. I used to be left thus with five or six, ranging from baby-in-arms upward, husband and servant both gone to place of worship; but I will state here I always made it a point, health permitting, to go to meeting in the morning, and thereby felt refreshed and strengthened for my afternoon of duty. I always prohibited playthings as such, even for the younger ones, making it the children's employment on Saturday evenings to gather up all such, because "to-morrow was the Sabbath day;" but I had a reserve of books and picture animals pasted on card-board, a block-game of six Scripture subjects and Scripture questions, which on no excuse were used week-days, and so came quite fresh once a week. The younger changed over with the pictures, and with an occasional look and smile and talk from mother, while the elder ones were generally entranced by "Line Upon Line" or "Peep of Day," and then sometimes Scripture questions all round in the form of twenty questions, and I can only say all my children can look back to pleasant, happy Sabbath afternoons. Then when father returned, and supper, with the special cake for Sabbath, was over, the children old enough remained for Bible-reading and devotion, and if mother laid a very weary head on her pillow, perhaps feeling how little time she had had to feed her own soul, there was the sweet feeling, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me." I may add, cold dinners on Sabbaths have been the order of our household through the nearly thirty years of housekeeping, and yet something a little extra if possible.—*Rachel Walter Marriage, in N. Y. Witness.*

Pickled Fish.—A very useful, convenient thing to keep on hand is pickled fish, which supplies a relish at any time, none the worse for being inexpensive. Any fresh fish, or pieces left over, can be prepared in this way, by covering them in a stone jar with spiced vinegar, and leaving them to scald in a moderate oven three hours. Oily fish, like mackerel, blue fish and herring, are the best for pickling. Fine mackerel can be bought along shore, for thirty cents a dozen almost any day, and three dozen may be dressed and wiped with a dry towel, lightly salted and packed in a jar, covered with half water and half sharp cider vinegar a tablespoonful of cloves and twice as much cinnamon, left in a warm oven over night. The vinegar slowly dissolves the bones of the fish, gaining all the gelatine, in which they are rich, and the food is relishing and nutritious. Fish kept in this way may be baked or fried lightly for breakfast, or served cold as a relish. They will keep six weeks, with a change of vinegar perhaps.

Stewed Calf's Head.—Take a fine large calf's head; empty it; wash it clean, and boil it till it is quite tender, in just water enough to cover it. Then carefully take out the bones, without spoiling the appearance of the head. Season it with a little salt and Cayenne, and a grated nutmeg. Pour over it the liquor in which it has been boiled, adding a gill of vinegar, and two tablespoonfuls of capers, or of green nasturtium-seeds, that have been pickled. Let it stew very slowly for half an hour. Have ready some forcemeat balls, made of minced veal, suet, grated bread-crumbs, grated lemon-peel, and shredded sweet marjoram, adding a beaten yolk of egg to bind the other ingredients together. Put in the forcemeat-balls, and stew, slowly, a quarter of an hour longer, adding some bits of butter, rolled in flour, to enrich the gravy. Send it to table hot.

Stewed Loin of Veal.—Take part of a loin of veal, the chump end will do; put into a large, thick, well-tinned iron sauce-pan or into a stew-pan, about two ounces of butter, and shake it over a moderate fire until it begins to brown; flour the veal well all over; lay it in the sauce-pan, and when it is of a fine, equal light-brown, pour gradually in veal broth, gravy, or boiling water to nearly half its depth; add a little salt, one or two sliced carrots, a small onion or more, when the flavor is much liked, and a bunch of parsley; stew the veal very softly for an hour, or rather more, then turn it, and let it stew nearly or quite another hour, or longer, should it not appear perfectly done. Dish the joint; skim all the fat from the gravy, and strain it over the meat; or keep the joint hot while it is rapidly reduced to a richer consistency.

Hints on Ironing.—Fine, soft articles, such as need no polishing, as lace and muslins, should be ironed on a soft ironing blanket, with fine ironing sheet. All such articles, after a careful sprinkling, must be rolled up smoothly and unrolled one at a time. Laces, of course, are to be carefully brought into shape, and all the edge or purling pulled out anew. In ironing silks cover them over with paper or fine cotton, and use only a moderately-heated iron, taking great care that the iron does not touch the silk at all, or it will make the silk look glossy and show that it has been ironed. Any white article, if scorched slightly, can be in part restored so far as looks go, but any scorching injures the fabric.

Lemon Pie.—Prepare a crust for the pie in a deep plate, then stir one tablespoonful of corn starch into a little cold water, add one cup of boiling water, let all come to a boil, then add seven tablespoonfuls of sugar, the well beaten yolks of four eggs, and the grated rind and the juice of two lemons; while this is baking beat the whites of the four eggs and one heaping tablespoonful of pulverized sugar to a stiff froth; when the pie is baked spread this smoothly over the top, then set it in the oven for two or three minutes; this is long enough to give it the desired golden brown color.

Ink on the Carpet.—Ink freshly spilled on the carpet should at once be taken up with a sponge or even a damp cloth, care being exercised not to spread the spot. After all is taken up that can be, wet the sponge—after first washing it clean—in warm water, and thoroughly scrub the spot on the carpet. When no more can be washed out, wet the sponge with a weak solution of oxalic acid, and after a few moments wash off with cold water, and finally sponge with weak ammonia water, to neutralize any of the acid that may remain in the carpet

PUZZLES.

CHARADE.

My first is truly born of heaven.
A character divine;
When the great sacrifice was made,
Most radiant did it shine.

My second is used to numerate;
By it the number is given,
How many Gods in heaven and earth.
How many paths to heaven.

My third's a word that means one more.
My whole by Christ was spoken,
A sweet command, obeying which
We show his followers' token.

HOW MANY BOOKS OF THE BIBLE DO YOU FIND IN THIS POSTAL?

Dear O.—Mansfield has jobs in Col. Ossian set him to marking sheep. He's 'Ian's best herder.

He wrote, "Joe Levit I customarily camp with, and I had made Ute Rono my pet, ere I knew Joe called him names—animal, a China humbug, etc. At last it used to make Rono feel so bad, I—a—heeded his lamentation, so have changed to Elisha Bak.

"Ku-Klux men killed Maj. Ames at Galat."

I answered, "Those acts are insane. He (Miah) was a most worthy man."

Judge Shag gained the Brewster case. Ada Neilson was called to prove R. B. sound in mind.

Is Ai a helpless boy? I heard a number say his trouble had become chronic.

Lester told Eugene sister Ruth has reached Corinth. I answered the letter from Philippi.

Anson composed the solo Monsson gave at the revel at Ionia, beginning—

"I love thy sex,
O dusky maid"

I have heard the tune once on a banjo H. N. Samu (Ellen's uncle) sometimes plays.

Did I tell you of Ah Hop's almsgiving? He bought Mic. a hoop and me a mat, the width of the entry.

If you hear from Hez, Radcliff, or Lu., keep me posted. As ever yours.

P. Hilemon.

REBUS.

P

TY

CHARADE.

My first in temper always is,
And for a termintion
Transpose your cane and then you have
The curse of every nation.

S. Moore, Quebec.

SIX HIDDEN RIVERS.

The brooks are frozen.
Kitty, never do that again.
I asked Enos if he was going to school to-day.
Edwin and John went to the lecture.
Did you put the soap on the shelf?
Come and see this Freddie.

Leila A. Annend.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JULY 15.

Blank Word Square.—

OCEAN
CARGO
ERMIT
AGILE
NOTES

Arithmorems.—Cicero, marigold, indigo, scarlet, mackerel, several, reveals, Marion, service, Wayland.

Logogriph.—Jungle, bungle, lunge, lung.

Proverb.—The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.

Submerged Archipelagoes.—1, Anson's. 2. Grecian. 3, Central. 4, Louisiade. 5. Mendana. 6, Magellan. 7, Gilbert.

Final Changes.—Mina, mine. Marie, Maria. Moody, moods.

THE BREAD OF DISCONTENT.

Once there was a baker who had a very bad, violent temper, and whenever a batch of bread was spoiled he flew into such a rage that his wife and daughters dared not go near him. One day it happened that all his bread was burnt, and on this he stamped and raved with anger. He threw the loaves all about the floor, when one, burnt blacker than the rest, broke in half, and out of it crept a tiny, thin black man, no thicker than an eel, with long arms and legs.

"What are you making all this fuss about, Master Baker?" said he. "If you will give me a home in your oven, I will see to the baking of your bread, and will answer for it that you shall never have so much as a loaf spoiled."

"And pray what sort of bread would it be if you were in the oven and helped to bake it?" said the baker. "I think my customers might not like to eat it."

"On the contrary," said the imp, "they would like it exceedingly. It is true that it would make them rather unhappy, but that will not hurt you, as you need not eat it yourself."

"Why should it make them unhappy?" said the baker. "If it is good bread it will not do any one harm, and if it is bad they will not buy it."

"It will taste very good," replied the imp; "but it will make all who eat it discontented, and they will think themselves very unfortunate, whether they are so or no; but this will not do you any harm, and I promise you that you shall sell as much as you wish."

"Agreed!" said the baker.

So the little imp crept into the oven and curled himself into the darkness behind, and the baker saw no more of him.

But next day he made a great batch of bread, and though he took no heed of the time when he put it in, and drew it out just as he wanted it, it was done quite right—neither too dark nor too light—and the baker was in high good humor.

The first person who tasted the bread was the Chief Justice. He came down to breakfast in high spirits, for he had just heard that an old aunt was dead, and had left him a great deal of money. So he kissed his wife and chucked his daughters under the chin, and told them that he had good news for them. His old aunt had left him twenty thousand pounds in her will. On this his wife clapped her hands for joy, and his daughters ran to him and kissed him, and begged him to let them have some of it. So they all sat down to breakfast in great glee, but no sooner had the Justice tasted the bread than his face fell.

"This is excellent bread," he said, taking a large slice. "I wish everything else were as good," and he heaved a deep sigh.

"Why?" cried his wife, who had not yet begun to eat. "This morning, I am sure, there is nothing for you to complain of."

"Nay?" said the mayor, "it is very nice to have twenty thousand pounds, but think how much nicer it would have been if it had been thirty. How much more one could have done with that! Or even if it had been twenty-five thousand pounds, or even twenty-one. Twenty-one thousand pounds is a very nice sum of money, but twenty thousand pounds is no good at all. I am not sure that it would not be better not to have had any."

"Nonsense!" cried his wife, who was now eating her breakfast also. "You are very wicked to be so discontented: but one thing I do say; it would have been much nicer if we had had it when we were young and better able to enjoy it. Money is very little use to people at our time of life. It would be really nice if we had had it fifteen years ago. As it is, I can't say I care much for it, and it makes me sad to think we did not get it before."

"Nay," cried the daughters, "in that case how much better it would have been for us to have it instead of you. We are young, and able to enjoy ourselves, and we could have given you a little of it if you'd liked, but we could have been very happy with the rest; as it is, it is no pleasure to us."

So they fell to quarrelling about the money, and by the time breakfast was done they all had tears in their eyes, and felt discontented and unhappy.

The next person to eat the bread was the village doctor. All night long he had been sitting up with a man who had broken his leg, and he had feared lest he should die; but as morning came he saw he would live, so he returned home to his wife in very good spirits, although he was sadly tired. The wife had already had her breakfast, but she had made all ready for her husband, with a loaf of the baker's new bread.

"See, dear husband," she said, here is your breakfast, and some nice bread, quite new, because I know you like it. How glad we ought to be that this poor man is likely to live."

"Yes. indeed," said the doctor; "being up all night is tiring work, but I don't grudge it when I know that it does some good," and then he began to eat. "I am not sure, after all, that I have done such a good thing in curing this man. It is true that his broken leg hurt him very much, but perhaps when he is well again he may break his back, and that would be much worse. Perhaps I had better have left him to die. I dare say when he is quite well all kinds of misfortunes will befall him. I had much better have let him alone."

"Why," cried his wife, in surprise, "what are you saying, husband? Are you not a doctor, and is it not your business to cure people? And when you succeed ought you not to be glad?"

"I wish I were not a doctor," said the husband, sighing. "It would be much better if there were no doctors at all;" and he sat and lamented, and nothing his wife could say could cheer him.

THE BREAD OF DISCONTENT.

In a pretty little cottage near the doctor's house lived a young couple who were newly married, and were as happy as the day is long. Their cottage was covered with roses and filled with pretty things, and they had everything their hearts could desire. This morning they both came down smiling and happy, and the young wife kissed her husband and sang for joy. So they sat down to breakfast, chattering like two birds in a nest; but no sooner had the husband tasted the bread than his face fell, and he was silent for a time. Then he said:

"It is a very terrible thing to think how happy we are, for it cannot last. Something melancholy is sure to happen to us, and till it comes we shall live in dread of it, for we know happiness never lasts, and this is a thought that makes me very sad."

The wife had now also taken some bread.

"What is this you are saying?" she said. "How can you think such dreadful things? I do not like you when you talk like that; and I think it is very hard for me to be married to a man who wants to be unhappy."

"The best thing we can hope for," said the husband, sighing, "is for some great misfortune to befall us; then we should be all right, for we should know then that we knew the worst that could come. As it is, we shall live in suspense all our days."

"Now," cried his wife, "I am indeed unfortunate. What could be worse than to have a husband who does not like being happy? I wish I had married some one else; or, indeed, had no husband at all."

So both began to grumble, and at last to quarrel, and finally both were crying with anger. Not far out of the village was a large, pleasant farm-house, standing among fields, and the farmer was a hale, bright man, with a good wife and pretty children. He was very busy just now getting in the corn, for it was autumn, and he stood among his men, directing them as they worked in the fields. He had not had time to have a proper breakfast before going to work, but his wife sent some out to him with some of the baker's new bread, and he sat down under a tree to eat it. As he did so he looked up at the farm-house, and thought, with pride, that it was the largest farm in all the country round, and that it had belonged to his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather before him.

"'Tis a fine old house, for sure," thought he, as he took a large piece of bread; "'tis so well built and strong." But no sooner had he swallowed a mouthful than his thoughts changed.

In the kitchen the farmer's wife was very busy cooking and cleaning, and scarcely stopped to eat till near mid-day. Then she took up a piece of bread and cheese, and leaned against the window as she ate it, that she might watch for her eldest girl and boy, Janey and Jimmy, who would now be returning from school.

"Our baker really bakes very decent bread" said she; 'tis almost as good as my own, and she went on eating till she saw her two children coming through the fields together.

"Here they come," said she. "How bonny they look! Really, I ought to be very proud of them. I don't know which is the prettier, Janey or Jimmy; but 'tis a pity, for sure, that Janey is the eldest. It would be much better if Jimmy were older than she. 'Tis a bad thing for the sister to be older than the brother. Now, if he were her age and she were his, that would be really nice, for then he could take care of her and see after her; but as it is, she will try to direct him, and boys never like to obey their sisters. I really almost think I had better not have had any children at all," and the tears filled her eyes; and when her girl and boy ran in to her, her face was very sad, and she seemed to be scarcely glad to see them.

So things went on all over the village. Each one as he tasted the bread grew discontented and angry, till at last all the people went about grumbling and complaining, or else shedding tears outright. Only the baker himself was cheerful and merry, and sang as he kneaded his dough, and sold it to his customers with a light heart, for his trade had never been so good. Every atom of bread he made was sold at once, so he cared not one whit for the trouble of the other people, and laughed to himself when he heard them complaining, and thought of the words of the dark little elf.

One day, as he stood kneading at the door and whistling to himself, the doctor walked past and looked angrily at him.

"What on earth are you making that whistling for?" he asked. "I declare, one would think that you were as happy as a man could be."

"And so I am," said the baker. "And so, I should think, were you too, for you have nothing to trouble you."

"Nothing to trouble me, forsooth!" cried the doctor, in a rage, "How dare you insult me in this way? I tell you what it is, my fine fellow, I think you are very impertinent, and if I have any more of your impudence I will take my stick and thrash you soundly. It really is not to be borne that one man should be allowed to tell another that he has nothing to complain of."

"Nay, *you* can have as much to complain of as you like, so long as I have not," cried the baker, and he laughed loudly. This only made the doctor angrier still, and he was just going to seize the baker when up came the farmer.

"Was there ever such a village as this?" he cried. "It is not fit for any one to live in, there is always such fighting and quarrelling going on. What is the matter here?"

"Matter enough," cried the doctor. "Here is a fellow dares to tell me I have nothing to complain of, nor he either."

"This is monstrous!" said the farmer. "He deserves to be hung. How dares he say such a thing on such a wretched day as this, with such a blue sky and such a bright sun?"

"Why, Master Farmer," cried the baker, "yesterday you grumbled because it was raining, and now you grumble because it is fine."

"And I tell you that it is enough to make one grumble," said the farmer. "It should have been fair yesterday, and should have rained to-day. You ought to be

ashamed of such talk, Master Baker, and I think it would serve you justly right if we took you before the justice, and let us see what he thinks of your conduct."

"Nay!" cried the baker, beginning to be frightened. "What have I done that I am to be taken before the justice?"

"What have you done, indeed?" said the doctor. "We shall see if the justice cannot find that out pretty quickly."

So they seized the baker, and dragged him away in spite of himself; and as they pulled him through the village the people thronged about them, and followed till there was quite a large crowd.

The justice sat at his door smoking a pipe, with tears in his eyes

"Now, what is all this uproar for?" cried he "Am I never to be left in peace! How hard is the life of a justice!" But he got up and came out on the steps to meet them.

"See here," cried the doctor—"here is a man who says he has nothing to complain of, and we have brought him to you to know if he is to be punished or to be allowed to go on talking like this."

"Certainly not," cried the justice, "or we shall soon have the whole village in an uproar. Let him be taken to the market-place, and I will order that he be publicly flogged by the soldiers."

At this the poor baker burst out crying, and entreated to be let off, saying that now, indeed, he had plenty to complain of; but at this the justice was angrier still.

"Then," said he, "you certainly deserve to be flogged for having told an untruth before, when you said you had not. Take him away, and do as I bid."

So they dragged the baker off to the market-place, and made a ring around him so that he could not escape, and then there came down two or three soldiers with ropes in their hands, and they seized him and began to beat him before all the crowd.

By this time all the people were so enraged against him that a number of them cried, "Let us go to his house and pull it down."

So off they ran to the baker's house, and broke the windows and knocked about the furniture; and then some of them fell on the oven and wrenched off the doors, and others seized the pokers and tongs and smashed in its sides, and in the hurry and scuffle the little dark man crept out of the oven and scuttled away unseen by any one. But no sooner had he gone than a great change came across the people.

The soldiers on the green stopped beating the baker, and looked at each other aghast, and the justice called out:

"Stop! What is all this uproar about? And what has this man done that you are beating him without my orders?"

And the people in the crowd whispered to each other, "It is true, what has he done?" and they slunk away, looking ashamed.

The justice also at first looked somewhat ashamed of himself, but he drew himself up, and, looking very important, said:

"There, my man, you are forgiven for this once, and now go your way, and see that you behave better in future," and then he walked away with much dignity.

So the baker was left alone in the market-place and he cried for rage and pain.

"This all comes of the oven imp," cried he, as he limped home. "Directly I get home I will drive him out of my oven and away from my house. Better to have a hundred batches of bread spoiled than to be flogged for saying one is happy."

But when he reached his house the little dark man was nowhere to be found; there was naught but the broken oven with its sides battered in.

The baker mended the oven, and from that time forth his bread was just like other people's; but, for all that, he had learned to be quite contented, for now he knew that there were worse things than having his loaves burnt black, and he was only too well pleased to take his chance with other people, without the help of fairy folk. As for the little black imp, he was never heard of more, and the people in the village soon recovered their good humor, and were just as happy and contented as they had been before they tasted the bread of discontent.—*Macmillan's.*

A KIND OSTLER.

Many years ago we stopped in front of a country inn to rest and bait our horse. As soon as the ostler had attended to our direction, I saw him take a pail of water to a pair of horses just about to start with a carriage. He held the pail well up to the head of one of the horses, and when the animal had taken a good draught, carefully took a sponge, cleansed the nose of the horse, and then threw the water away. I thereupon drew his attention to the fact that there were two horses, and to one only he had given the welcome draught of water. "Yes," replied the ostler, "but I am going to get a pailful of *clean fresh* water: I don't like to give any horse dirty water, or part of that left by another horse. Horses like clean water, though like us they will drink dirty water when very thirsty if they can get no other." While he was saying this he had brought his pail half full of fresh clean water from the pump, and held it up to the other horse. After the patient animal had drunk, the ostler sponged his mouth and face carefully, and the gentle champing of the bits seemed to show the gratitude of the horses for the care of the ostler. For many a long year I have borne in mind the words—"*Horses like clean water.*"—*Band of Hope Review.*

The Family Circle.

ELLIE'S FROCK.

"Pray, what are you making, mamma,
That you are so long about?"
"A frock for the veriest darling
That ever wore them out.
Is it not, with its puffs and plaitings
And knots of baby blue,
For Mabel's birthday party
The very thing for you?"
"But, mamma, little Patty
Is sick and like to die;
I passed their door this morning
And saw her mamma cry.
If you could leave your sewing
For just a little while,
Could you not help poor Patty
And make her mamma smile?"

But I barred the doors of conscience
Against the pleading knock
With, "I cannot, I'm determined
To finish Ellie's frock."
With tiny points and scallops
And dainty satin loop,
I'll make my little darling
The fairy of the group."
In my heart I stifled pity
And sewed with all my might—
I plaited, puffed and scalloped
All day and half the night.
I sewed and sung together
And stitched in all the seams
A mother's loving fancies,
A mother's happy dreams.

But early on the morrow
A passing neighbor said
"There's mourning in the cottage,
For little Patty's dead."
And now at my selfish folly
Small time to be grieved or vexed.
For of the fever's victims
My Ellie was the next!
I barred my doors but vainly
Against Death's warning knock,
And—lying in her coffin,
She wore the finished frock.

—*By Ruth Mariner, in The Congregationalist.*

LITTLE DON'T CARE.

BY A. M. W.

"Johnnie! Johnnie! Johnnie!" and Mrs. Atkins came to the door of her cottage, and gazed anxiously up and down the street.

"Oh, dear," sighed the weary mother, "what-ever shall I do? Here it is past six o'clock, and it is full three miles to Miss Hill's, and them clothes must go home to-night. I would take Louie with me if she could walk, but she can't, and I cannot carry her and the basket too. Johnnie! Johnnie!"

Just then the figure of a boy with hat jammed on one side, shoes and stockings tucked carelessly under one arm, and stained, mud bespattered clothes came swinging lazily round the corner. Seeing his mother in the door Johnnie Atkins quickened his pace and said somewhat apologetically as he came up,

"I intended to be sooner, mother, but the rest of the boys stopped to play in the lane, and somehow I forgot."

A pained, reproachful look was Mrs. Atkins' only reply, as she hurried into the cottage, hastily donned her shawl and hat, and took up a large basketful of ironed clothes.

"It will be almost dark when I get back from Miss Hill's, now," she said, with an uneasy glance at the clock, "and I must trust little Louie to you. Take good care of her; don't leave the back gate unfastened, and don't let her out of your sight for a moment."

"Yes, ma'am," came from Johnnie promptly enough now.

He thought it would be a grand thing to take care of 'Baby Lou.' She was such a little mite of a thing, and had such sweet cunning baby ways—it would be just fun.

For some time after his mother left Johnnie played with Lou contentedly enough, drawing her about in her little waggon, playing 'bo peep,' and so on; then he began to grow tired of it, and to wish his mother would come. It was all very well for a little while, but then Louie couldn't run and jump and play as the boys at school did. She could only clap her chubby hands and scream with delight when Johnnie executed some particularly clever trick or manœuvre. "I think I'll just run across and see if Joe Parson has got his white mice yet," thought Johnnie. Nothing can happen to Louie. She can't get out of the yard, and I can see the house from there all the time. Mother told me not to leave her, but I don't care; she'll be all right. Here, Louie," and he gave the little one his rubber ball and bat, "play with these till brother comes back."

"You tom back," lisped Louie, taking the ball and looking with half-frightened eyes into his face.

"Yes, yes, you be good; I'll come right back." And without stopping to look at Louie, who was almost ready to cry, he ran out the front gate and across the street to Mr. Parsons'. Not only had Joe got his mice that afternoon, but two pretty rabbits, one white and one gray, had been sent by his aunt along with them.

The two boys were soon so busy looking over the treasures, and preparing a house for the rabbits, that Johnnie had no idea how the time flew—indeed I doubt if he ever once thought of Louie after he got the first peep of Bunnie with his milk white fur, and soft, shy eyes.

"There I don't think we can do any more to-night," said Joe, at last. "The sun is about down, but come over early in the morning and we'll finish it up before school-time."

Johnnie rose to his feet with a great start, for just then he remembered 'Baby Lou.' If anything had happened to her all this time, if—but without stopping to consider further he rushed out of the yard and away home with all the speed terror could lend to his feet.

"Louie! Louie!" he called, as he rushed into the yard, but no little pattering feet came to meet him, no sweet baby voice responded to his call. Out in the garden, the back yard, the shed, through the house, everywhere rushed Johnnie, frantically calling "Louie! Louie!" but to no purpose. Not a trace of her could be found.

Both the back and front gates were fastened as securely as he had left them. Where could she have gone; how did she get out?

Ah, Johnnie! you forgot that picket you knocked loose on the back fence only this morning, and which you never stopped to nail, carelessly muttering, "I don't care. It won't make any difference with the old fence anyway."

What should he do? It was almost dark now.

Glancing up the street he saw his mother coming wearily along toward home. Rushing out to meet her he could only sob, "Oh, mother, Louie!"

"What of Louie?" demanded Mrs. Atkins, a strange fear creeping over her.

"She's lost," shrieked Johnnie, "lost. I cannot find her anywhere."

The mother's heart seemed to stand still. Louie was her pet and darling, her greatest comfort since the death of her husband a short time previous. If anything had happened to her—but she would not stop to think of that now.

She hurriedly drew from Johnnie the whole circumstance, for he was too frightened now to tell anything but the truth, and then set to work to find how Louie had escaped from the yard. Her quick eye soon espied the broken fence with the board shoved aside leaving sufficient room for Louie to crawl through.

A short distance beyond the cottage was an open marshy field dotted here and there with hillocks covered by underbrush, brambles and the like. It was used by the villagers and indeed for miles around, by the country generally, for grazing purposes.

If Louie had strayed there the chances of finding her that night were small, and Mrs. Atkins felt faint and sick as she thought of her delicate darling sobbing herself to sleep alone in the tall, dank grass. Sending Johnnie, who bitterly reproached himself for his carelessness, to summon the neighbors to her assistance, they spent the greater part of the night scouring the fields in every direction for lost 'Baby Lou.'

What a night of agony that was to Johnnie no one can ever know. He loved Lou very dearly, and to think that she had been lost through his own carelessness was more than he could bear.

How many times he told himself, as he tramped resolutely on through the long night, that if she were only found how different he would be; and when at length the tired searchers were about to give up for the night he threw himself on his knees in the grass and prayed as he had never done before.

I think too his passionate, agonized appeal for help was heard; for just then a loud 'halloo' rang through the night air, and Johnnie bounded away in the direction of the sound came upon what—almost hidden in a clump of bushes where she had crawled was poor little Lou. She must have cried herself to sleep, for her cheeks were red and swollen, and her little bosom still heaved with convulsive sobbing.

There was joy and gratitude in Mrs. Atkins' heart that night when her darling was placed in her arms alive and well. As for Johnnie, it proved a lesson that he never forgot.

The promises of amendment that he made on the open marsh when he thought 'Baby Lou' lost forever were faithfully kept; and aided by the loving counsel of his mother, whose patient forbearance never failed him, from being one of the 'ne'er-do-wells' he became one of the most studious, thoughtful well-conducted boys in the village.

SCRAP-CARDS FOR HOSPITAL CHILDREN.

BY F. R. LITTLEJOHN.

"Oh, dear!" said Rob, and "Oh, dear!" said May, and "Oh, dear *me*!" said Willie, as they all three gazed out of the nursery windows into the thick rain. Baby, laughing on nurse's knee, seemed to be the only one of the family with any spirits that afternoon, but he did his best to cheer up his brothers and sister by giving the rain a scolding, and by trying to make it go away by gestures, and he ended by talking to it in the old nursery rhyme:

"Yain, yain, do away,
Ittle baybins yants to p'ay.
Tum aden anudder day."

And he made up such a funny little face of entreaty that the children all laughed in spite of themselves, and ran to see who could kiss the baby first for his funny sayings.

The rain could hardly have heard baby's request or it would never have splashed with more force and noise than before on the window-pane. No rain could have been more hard-hearted as that. It would not have been *rain* then—it would have been *hail*, for hail, you and I know, is just hard-hearted rain.

But after the children had kissed the baby they were at as much of a loss as ever to know what to do that long afternoon. While they were still racking their brains the door-bell rang, and, with one accord, they all three ran and looked over the banisters.

"Is May at home?" they heard a little girl's voice asking.

"Why, it's Alice," they whispered, one to the other. "Is not that jolly? We'll make her stay and play with us!" and the three ran downstairs to give their visitor a welcome, and to take possession of her, even to her soaking ulster and dripping umbrella.

"I can't stay," said Alice—"that is, only a minute. I was so busy, and I could not nearly finish it alone; and, besides, it was stupid not being with you, and I thought you would like pasting things just as much as I do, and—"

"Pasting things! I should think you *had* been pasting. Just look at this umbrella-handle!" And Bob's hand stuck to it so he could hardly get free.

"Oh, that's too bad," laughed Alice; "but you don't mind, do you! You see, my hands got all over mucilage, and it dried, and then when the rain got on them when I was holding the umbrella it must have made the mucilage sticky again. It was all dry when I left. It's dreadfully uncomfortable, isn't it?" And she closed and unclosed her hand, for there was a certain fascination to the child in seeing and feeling her fingers stick to the palm of her hand.

"What have you been pasting?" asked May.

"Cards for the hospital," said Alice.

"What kind of cards?" asked Rob.

Well, pasteboard cards, with pictures on them—don't you know! I can't explain them; you will have to come over and help me, then you will understand."

"I wonder if mamma will let us? It is just pelting," said May, looking out of the hall door.

"Oh, I guess she will," said Rob. "I'll run and ask her. She'll be sure to let *me* go, anyway, Alice, because I am a boy—and pooh! nothing hurts boys!" And upstairs, two steps at a time, sped this young lord of creation.

"I want you *all* to come," said Alice, quietly. "Willie, you will, won't you, if your mother will let you?"

Willie was deeply grateful for the invitation. He was just enough younger than his sister's and brothers' friends to be considered "in the way," and so he continually received snubs hard to be borne. To be included as an equal in such a delightful invitation made his little heart palpitate for joy, and made him say, in a most thankful tone:

"Yes, of course!"

"Come on, May; put on your things; mamma says we can go!" called down a delighted voice from the regions above.

"And I'm going too, Rob! I'm going too!" cried Willie, scrambling upstairs, all fours, thinking that in that way he could make better time.

It was not many minutes before four muffled objects under two umbrellas were making their way across the street and tinkling a door-bell; and it did not take many more minutes for the four objects to doff their sprinkled clothing, and to settle themselves before Alice's mamma to take a lesson in their new work—the work of making hospital cards.

Now, my little reader, I am going to tell you exactly what the children did, thinking that you may get a little hint from them. And oh, how glad I shall be if, on some rainy day, you and your brothers and sisters, or, if you are a lone chick as Alice was, you and a few of your friends, meet together and make some hospital cards. You will be surprised to find what pleasant work it is and how quickly the rainy moments fly. Now, don't say you "can't" do it. Just *try*; it is not hard; and if you only knew the pleasure these cards give to poor, sick little children in the hospitals! But, there! I have not told you yet what these cards are, and I know you are very anxious to find out; so, listen.

Alice had gathered together all her old picture-books. Some had pages torn from them, some were soiled and crumpled and dog-eared, and some had said good-by to their covers long ago. She had taken none of her books that were in a good condition, but only the ruptured and crippled, so that the pile before the children looked almost like a hospital for wounded books. Her mother had gotten pasteboard in a stationer's store, and had cut it in large pieces, about the size of this page that you are reading; sometimes she had even used up old box-covers in this way. This was the ground-work, and upon it the children pasted the pictures that they cut out, very neatly, from their torn books. When each side was covered over with pictures the cards were finished. These scrap cards are better than scrap-books in a hospital on many accounts. Being so easily made, there can, of course be many more of them, so that instead of one or two patients being provided with a scrap-book, the whole ward can be supplied with cards at the same time. And my nurse will tell you that sick people are like very little children—they are sure to want whatever they see in the hand of anybody else, and are by no means willing to wait until their turn comes. Then, too these cards are more easily handled, and being of stiff card-board instead of thin muslin, can be held up in one hand, a great advantage for any one lying in bed. And then they are readily passed from one to the other, which creates quite a little excitement. I have written very particularly, you see, for I dare say, little reader, you have made scrap-books for hospitals more than once, and, if so, you will like particularly to turn this matter over in your mind.

"Now, you take this book and cut out all the pictures very neatly," said Alice, handing Rob a book and a pair of scissors.

"Alice wouldn't it be better to let him choose his own book?" said mamma; "he might prefer this one—see, full of the animals of South Africa."

"But, mamma, I want that," said Alice. "I have set my heart upon cutting out that giraffe's lovely long neck. You don't want to cut it, Rob, do you?"

"Yes, I do," said Rob, truth getting the better of gallantry.

"Well," said May quickly, before mamma had time to speak again, "why don't you both cut out of that book? There are lots of pages, and Willie and I will take this one; it's all full of little children playing games—see,

Willie! Here are some children, I do believe, playing 'tennis.'"

Willie was deeply interested in a minute, and so in a minute more were Rob and Alice, Rob thinking that an elephant's trunk would be about as entertaining to cut out as a giraffe's neck. And for some time nothing was heard but the rain beating on the window-pane without, the fire crackling on the hearth within, and the scissors clipping the paper.

"Cut as near the picture as possible," said mamma. "The true secret in all scrap-book work is to have the pictures prettily cut out.

"Oh, Rob!" cried Willie, "just look at your elephant! You've gone and cut the trunk all off!"

The children looked at it ruefully, and then they began to laugh, for an elephant without a trunk is as pitiable an animal as a chicken without a head.

"Now that is just what I knew would happen," said Alice, not very politely; "that is the reason I wanted to cut out all these animals myself. Don't you know—"

"Alice, Alice," said mamma, reproachfully, and the little girl stopped. Then mamma took the poor elephant in hand, and found that, after all, very little harm was done, for she was able to paste the trunk in its proper place, so that on the card the cut was never noticed.

"Now," said mamma, seeing that the children were tired of cutting, "suppose we paste a little; we have quite a pile of pictures."

"Just wait till I finish this," said Alice, clipping away in good earnest.

Mamma and the three children were spreading out the pictures upon the table, and they made really quite a tempting array.

"I think," said mamma, looking the pictures over very earnestly, "I think we can make several very interesting stories out of these."

"How do you mean?" said May.

"A story! Oh, do make up a story!" said little Willie.

"Why, mamma almost always does," said Alice. "That is what makes her scrap-books so much nicer than other people's—isn't it, mamma."

But mamma was intently looking at the pictures.

"Come," said she, "let us see how many stories we can make out of them. We will each take a card and arrange the pictures on it without pasting them, and see who can make the prettiest story."

"I don't see how you mean," said Willie.

"Oh you come on my knee," said mamma, "and we will make ours together."

So Willie climbed up on her knee and watched her earnestly, for anything in the story line touched a very warm corner in the heart. Indeed, all the children looked at her for some little time, for they were quite new at the business, and did not know how to commence.

"We will begin with this boy that you cut out, Willie, playing tennis. Suppose we put him here. Now, where is his ball? He is looking up in the air evidently expecting to see it. Oh, here is the ball; where will we put it? Up in the air, following the direction of his eyes? No, there is hardly room enough on the card for that. If you can find a cat or a dog, we can manage it nicely."

So there was a hunt among the pictures, until Willie's bright eyes spied a little Skye terrier that had slipped behind the giraffe, as if he were bashful.

"That is just the thing I want," said mamma. "Now, you see, we will put the ball here on the ground between our little dog's paws; he is having a fine frolic with it, while Johnny-look-up-in-the-air is waiting, waiting waiting for it to fall down!"

"Oh, that is splendid!" cried the children.

"Doesn't he look silly, though, gazing up in the air after nothing!" said Rob, striking an attitude just like the boy, and looking expectantly toward the white ceiling.

"Oh, here is a funny man, holding his sides with laughter," said Alice, making a dive for a picture that caught her eye; "let's put him in too."

"Just up here," said Rob, "where he can see the boy and the dog, and take in the whole scene."

"But he's so little," said Willie—"he's littler than the dog, and his head is just about the size of the ball. He looks so funny."

"Oh, never mind that," said Rob.

"No, it's all the funnier," said Alice, bound to be pleased.

"I think it just spoils it," said May.

"I tell you how we will manage," said mamma, who always found a way out of a difficulty. "We will put some of these flowers and grasses here where the ground ought to be, and at this side we will put these pretty primroses. Now, we can place the little man on one of these petals, and he will look like a little fairy, who lives in the flower, and has just come out for a good laugh."

The children clapped their hands with delight, and said it would "just do." So they pasted the pictures, and then held up the card to view their handiwork.

"So far so good," said mamma. "Now, what will we put on this lower half of it?"

Then there was a great discussion. Rob wanted to have a menagerie, Alice wanted a tea-party, and May said she had an idea for her own card.

"Very well," said mamma, "all go to work upon your own cards; you understand what we mean by 'making stories,' and now, Willie boy, we will finish ours."

"Here's a red house; it's awfully pretty," said Willie.

"It looks to me like a school-house," said mamma. "We can put it over in the corner; and now we must send the scholars to school. Here is a boy. I think he looks lazy enough to be on his way to school. And see, here is a little girl with a lunch-basket in her hand; she can follow him."

"And here's her little lamb," said Willie, stealing one of the animals from Rob's menagerie. "You know

"'Mary had a little lamb,
And its fleece was as white as—as—wool;
And it followed her to school one day,
And it made the children laugh and play,
And it was against the rule.'"

Every one laughed at the way that Willie had twisted the old song. But in the midst of the laughter the door-bell rang, and there stood nurse; she had come to take the children home. Great was the sorrow expressed, for they were all deeply interested in their stories; and as they went downstairs Rob called out cheerfully, "If it rains to-morrow we will all come back again to spend the day. Good-by!—*Churchman.*

HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL

BY THE REV. W. LEE SPOTTSWOOD.

"He will beautify the meek with salvation."—PSALM cxlix., 4.

To be religious is just to be like Jesus, and salvation, in the text, means religion; the meek there spoken of are persons who are gentle and sweet and kind.

Now, there is something beautiful about the gentle and sweet and kind, although they may not be religious. How much greater, then, must be the beauty of such persons when they have, with their good qualities, religion also, with all its heavenly sweetness!

Religion is not equally beautiful in all who profess to have it; a disagreable temper may mar that beauty. The chief beauty of religion is found in the gentle and sweet and kind. And this beauty is seen in the very faces of religious people and also in all their kind acts.

Bad tempers and unkind dispositions make the faces of people ugly, while sweet tempers and kind dispositions make them pretty.

It is very hard to beautify some people even with religion. Some are sweet in temper and some are sour. It is a difficult thing for an artist out of a piece of wood that is tough and crooked and knotted to carve a beautiful image. And so it is not an easy task out of some one in disposition very much like that piece of wood to make a religious person, beautiful in face and in action.

But this can be done. Once a wise man, who was known and loved for his gentleness and sweetness and kindness, was examined publicly by a phrenologist, who said that he could tell all about a person by only looking at him. On the face of the wise man, perhaps were left some marks of a former bad disposition, long indulged, and he was described as harsh and stern and cruel. There was a laugh all around, because everybody knew that the wise man was such a good, kind man. But he said: "Friends, do not laugh at this man, for he has told you truly what I used to be before I learned to be what I am."

Children, I am sure that you all want to be beautiful. How can you become so? Some people think that any one can be made beautiful by wearing rich clothes and nice ornaments; but this is not what the Bible teaches us.

It says: "Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting of the hair and wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price." Every child can have such adorning by getting and keeping a sweet religious disposition, and by doing kindly religious acts. We have seen such beauty as this. At first, maybe, we thought that some one had not a bit of beauty, but we found in that one a lovely soul, and saw a lovely life; and then the plain face changed at once, and, in our sight, it became, like the soul and life, lovely too.

Children, let this be your prayer: "Our Father, which art in heaven, make us, for Christ's sake, just like Jesus, gentle and sweet and kind"; and then you will be beautiful in every way.—*Christian Union.*

MY FIRST PENNY.

Early one morning a little boy, about five years old, on awakening from sleep, looked up, and on seeing his father said, "Papa, I am going to put my own penny in the missionary box." Papa said to his little son, "Who told you to put your penny in the missionary box?" "Nobody but myself," was the ready reply of the juvenile subscriber to the mission fund.

But what penny was this that he called his own penny? I will tell you. It was the first penny that this little boy ever gained by his industry. You would like to know what he worked at to get a penny for his wages? Well, here is a copy of a bill given him by his teacher: "Master E. has merited the sum of. one penny. Payment on demand." he had worked hard at his lessons, and so kept at the top of his class for a certain time, for which he obtained a penny; and this penny he gave to God, to help to make Him known to the poor heathen, who know him not, and are dying in their sins. It was but a small sum, but, like the widow's two mites, it was all he had in the world that he could call his own, and he gave it of his own free will, and with evident pleasure, and you know "the Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

You may be sure that his papa and mamma were delighted with what their little boy did. And so will every Christian little boy or girl make his or her parents' heart glad by giving their pence to the cause of Christ, instead of spending them in their own pleasures.—*Word and Work.*

HOW DAME TROT BALKED.

It was not the Dame Trot that

"Went to the fair,
With her cat on her shoulder, to see the folks there;"

but a fat, sleek, chestnut horse that was owned by a physician.

Before Trot came into the possession of jovial Dr. B., two boys were in the habit of driving her. One very cold night she was taken from her warm stable to go a long distance, and as she showed much unwillingness to go, one of the boys gave her a hard whipping. Then she refused to move.

After that, Dr. B. was told he could have her if he liked. The good Doctor having confidence in his persuasive powers over man and beast, had no doubt of his being successful with a balky horse. So the first time Dame Trot stood motionless, notwithstanding the necessity of using her utmost speed, the doctor was equal to the occasion.

He got out of his carriage and patting the horse's head said to her: "Now Trot! you're a fool! you needn't think you can play that game on me!" In this way he talked some time, stroking the horse's head, patting her and seeming to be in no hurry.

Then taking some wintergreen lozenges from his pocket, he held them on his open hand before Trot's nose and said: "See here, old lady! if you'll be good you can have some candy!"

Trot smelt the candy, then turned her head away as if she were not to be bought off in that manner. Then she took another smell of the lozenges and of the hand that held them, then she slowly licked the candy and finding that it tasted good she ate it all, the Doctor meanwhile waiting patiently until the last crunching and smacking were over. Then he patted the horse's head again, and said: "Now we are going on, old lady, as fast as we can go;" and jumping into the carriage he took the reins and Trot proceeded on her way with perfect willingness.

Ever since that day she has served the Doctor with the most devoted affection, proving the truth of the theory that something done to divert a balky horse's attention will accomplish much more than scoldings jerkings or whippings.—*Abby G. Shaw, in Our Dumb Animals.*

MISSIONS may be entitled to more credit than they get for the good they work in the hearts of those even who do not become open believers, as is illustrated in the following incident related by Mr. Vaughan: "A woman who had received instruction was dying. She had long been a secret believer, but none had known it. In her dying hour she asked her husband to bring water. He knew not wherefore; all stood round her in awe. The dying woman then took the vessel of water in her hand, then looking to heaven asked a blessing on the act, and craved forgiveness if she were doing wrong. She then poured the water on her head, repeating the names of the blessed Trinity as she did so."

THE GOLDEN RULE OF PLAY IS, "no fun unless it is fun on both sides." Do not play anything you would be ashamed to describe to others. Do not throw stones at birds; nor torment animals, or human beings. Do not "hoax" or play tricks. We have no right to amuse ourselves at the expense of others.—*Unity.*

Question Corner.—No. 15.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

169. What was the last of the ten plagues of Egypt?
170. What Old Testament example have we of miraculous darkness?
171. When in New testament times, was darkness over all the land?
172. Where is the counsel, "Train up a child in the way he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it"?
173. How many idolatrous worshippers of the golden calf were slain by order of Moses?
174. What relic divinely appointed, and by which miracles were worked, was destroyed by a good king years afterwards. Who was the king?
175. What plant grew up in a single night and died the following day?
176. For what purpose was this plant created?
177. Who is mentioned as coming to Jesus by night?
178. Who was compelled to bear the cross of Christ to the place of crucifixion?
179. The name of what heathen god was applied to Paul, by whom was it applied, and why?
180. Who was with Paul at this time?

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 13.

145. Paul. Acts. xxiii. 21.
146. At the stoning of Stephen. Acts vii. 58.
147. Peter. John xviii. 10.
148. When Judas came with his band of men to take Jesus. The man was Malchus a servant of the high priest. John xviii. 10.
149. John. John xxi. 25.
150. Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Matt. xxviii. 20.
151. Gamaliel. Acts. xxii. 3.
152. Jethro. Ex. iii. 1.
153. Elisha. 1 Kings xix. 19.
154. Nehemiah. Neh. ii. 5, 18.
155. Four hundred and fifty years. Ex. xii. 40.
156. Seven days and seven nights. Job ii. 13

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Comforter—John 15: 26; Athens—Acts 17: 16; Rhoda—Acts 12: 13; Philistines—1 Sam. 17: 49; Ephraim—Gen. 48: 17; Noah—Gen. 7: 23; Tabitha—Acts 9: 36; Elias—James 5: 17; Rechabites—Jer. 35: 2. *Carpenter.*—Mark 6: 3.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 13.—Helen Nicholson, 10 ac.
To No. 12.—Annie M. Pattison, 11; Sarah E. Pattison, 11; Hattie Lemon, 11; Herbert Davidson, 11; Helen Nicholson, 10.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1881, by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

LESSON VIII.

AUG. 21.]

THE MANNA

Exod. 16: 1-8.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 4.

1. And they took their journey from Elim, and all the congregation of the children of Israel came unto the wilderness of Sin, which is between Elim and Sinai, on the fifteenth day of the second month after their departing out of the land of Egypt.

2. And the whole congregation of the children of Israel murmured against Moses and Aaron in the wilderness:

3. And the children of Israel said unto them, Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill this whole assembly with hunger.

4. Then said the Lord unto Moses, Behold, I will rain bread from heaven for you; and the people shall go out and gather a certain rate every day, that I may prove them, whether they will walk in my law, or no.

5. And it shall come to pass that on the sixth day they shall prepare that which they bring in; and it shall be twice as much as they gather daily.

6. And Moses and Aaron said unto all the children of Israel, At even, then ye shall know that the Lord hath brought you out from the land of Egypt:

7. And in the morning, then ye shall see the glory of the Lord: for that he heareth your murmurings against the Lord: and what are we, that ye murmur against us?

8. And Moses said, This shall be, when the Lord shall give you in the evening flesh to eat and in the morning bread to the full; for that the Lord heareth your murmurings which ye murmur against him; and what are we? your murmurings are not against us, but against the Lord.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Moses gave you not that bread from heaven; but my Father giveth you the true bread from heaven.—JOHN 6: 32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord feeds his people.

INTRODUCTORY.—The utter and signal destruction of Egypt's host with its leader precluding further pursuit, was the occasion of the song of praise which we have in Ex. 15: 1-21. Leaving the Red Sea they march into the wilderness to Marah, where there were bitter waters unfit to drink, until Moses, as directed by God, sweetened them by a tree which he cast into them. At Marah the Israelites, forgetful of the Almighty Hand which had led them, murmured against Moses. Thence they marched southeast to Elim.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Notice the impatience of the Israelites, the faith of Moses, and the long-suffering mercy and love of God.

NOTES.—ELIM (the trees), a pleasant valley abounding in water and trees, 15: 27, where the Israelites probably halted several days. Its locality is near to either Wady Gharandel, or Wady Useit or Wady Taiyibeh, three of the most fertile spots in this part of the wilderness. —WILDERNESS OF SIN, a plain now desolate, wild and bare, extending along the east coast of the Red Sea, and called El Markha. At the time of the wanderings it may have afforded fair pasturage.—SINAI (burning bush), applied sometimes to the peninsula between the two arms of the Red Sea; sometimes to its central group of mountains or of one of them, also called Horeb.' As to where the Law was given, see Introduction, next Lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) ISRAEL'S FAITHLESS MURMURS. (II.) GOD'S FAITHFUL PROMISE. (III.) MOSES' EXPOSTULATION AND MESSAGE.

I. ISRAEL'S FAITHLESS MURMURS.—(1-3.) ELIM, see Notes; ALL THE CONGREGATION, perhaps hitherto they had marched in companies until they came together in the Wilderness of Sin, see Notes; SINAI, see Notes; SECOND MONTH, Zif or Ziv, our April or May; they had left Rameses on the 15th of the first month. Up to this time they had been provisioned, but now they were in a desert place and hungry; DIED BY THE HAND OF THE LORD, referring probably to that judgment by which all the first-born of Egypt died; FLESH POTS, an Egyptian word; TO THE FULL, plenty; ASSEMBLY, translated "church" in the Greek, Acts 7: 38.

II. GOD'S FAITHFUL PROMISE.—(4,5.) WILL RAIN, "am about raining," implying abundance; BREAD, food; FROM HEAVEN, the sky, marking its miraculous character; CERTAIN RATE EVERY DAY, or "a day's portion in its day," i.e., each day only enough for that day's use; PROVE, try them, whether they will trust him from day to day, and WALK IN MY LAW, i.e., obey the command to gather no more than one day's supply; SIXTH DAY, i.e., the day before Sabbath; PREPARE, see verse 23; TWICE AS MUCH, ETC., i.e., enough for that day and the Sabbath, when there was none to gather, verse 27.

III. MOSES' EXPOSTULATION AND MESSAGE.—(6-8.) SAID, in order to appease their murmuring; AT EVEN, afternoon; SHALL KNOW, by what will take place; THE LORD, not Moses and Aaron; GLORY OF THE LORD, not the miraculous supply of food, but the wonderful manifestation mentioned in verse 10; AGAINST THE LORD, because Moses was God's representative; FLESH, of quails, verse 13; BREAD, verse 14, 15; NOT AGAINST US, BUT, etc., complaint and dissatisfaction against God.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) How soon we forget God's past blessings.
(2.) How sinful to repine against God's dealings.
(3.) God provides food, but we must "gather" it.
(4.) As our day is, so shall our strength be.

ILLUSTRATION.—Sin of Murmuring. "Consider that murmuring is a mercy-imbittering sin, a mercy-souring sin. As the sweetest things put into a sour vessel become sour, or put into a bitter vessel, bitter, so murmuring puts gall and wormwood into every cup of mercy that God gives into our hands. The murmurer writes 'Marah,' that is, bitterness, upon all his mercies: and he reads and tastes bitterness in them all. As 'to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet,' so to the murmuring soul every sweet thing is bitter."

CHRIST the TRUE TRIED RODDEN

M urmured at by the people who	**B** laspheme him.
A bhorred by the great who	**R** efuse him.
N eglected by the rich who	**E** xclude him.
N ourishes the needy who	**A** ccept him.
A ppeases the hungry who	**D** esire him.

LESSON IX.

AUG. 28.]

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Exod. 20: 1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 3-7.

1. And God spake all these words, saying,

2. I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

3. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

4. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

5. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me;

6. And shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

7. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

8. Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy.

9. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work:

10. But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

11. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Jesus said unto him, Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment.—MATT. 22: 37, 38.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Lord is our lawgiver.

INTRODUCTORY.—Leaving the wilderness of Sin, the Israelites reached Dophkah and then Alush, Num. 33: 12-14. At these places nothing of moment occurred. They arrived at Rephidim (now identified with Wady Feiran), where there being no water, they resort not only to murmurs, but almost to open rebellion against Moses, who again interceding, procured out of "the rock in Horeb" a miraculous supply, and called the place Massah and Meribah, to commemorate their temptation and strife. Some time probably after, they were called on to fight their first battle. Amalek opposes their march, but God being on their side they gain the victory. Read Ex. 17: 16. Jethro, the father-in-law of Moses, hearing of all the wonders which God had wrought for Israel, visits Moses, and observing all his anxiety and labor, advised him to divide the people into companies, and appoint over each, rulers or arbiters to settle petty differences. Moses followed this reasonable counsel, and now, in the third month from the time they left Egypt, we find the people in the wilderness, which is at the foot of the range of the same name, where "the ten commandments" were given to Moses. As to this range it is now the prevailing opinion that Moses received the law from God on Jebel Musa (Mount of Moses), a mass 2 miles long by 1 broad, having at the north end a peak 7,363 feet high, and proclaimed it to the people from Ras Sufsafeh, the northern peak of Jebel Musa, which is 6,937 feet high. At the base of this peak is a plain, Er Rahah, 2 miles long by half a mile wide, which afforded more than sufficient standing room for the 2,000,000 Israelites.—See SCHAFF'S Bible Dict. This Introduction will serve for the next lesson also.

NOTE.—THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, 34: 28, called by various names, 24: 22; 31: 18; Deut. 9: 9, 10, literally "the ten words" or decalogue, according to the Greek, were given to Israel as God's covenant, or contract, with it, and a testimony or witness against man's sinfulness. They are binding upon all men in all time, Matt. 5: 17-20. They are commonly divided into two parts; those referring to our duty to God, and those to our duty to man. "The number ten symbolizes the comprehensiveness and completeness of this moral law" which is summed up in Christ's golden rule. (Matt. 7: 12, cf. Rom. 13: 8-10; 1 Cor. 13.)

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) WITH REFERENCE TO GOD HIMSELF. (II.) WITH REFERENCE TO THE SABBATH—GOD'S DAY.

I. WITH REFERENCE TO GOD HIMSELF. —(1-7.) GOD SPAKE, God uttered in the hearing of man and angels, Deut. 5: 4; Ps. 68: 17; Acts 7: 51; Gal. 3: 19; WORDS, precepts; LORD, Jehovah; HOUSE OF BONDAGE, or of slaves, referring to their servile condition; v. 2 gives the reason why God alone is to be worshipped: grateful love for deliverance. It is the preface; BEFORE ME, "before my face," meaning, "besides me"; GRAVEN IMAGE, OR ANY LIKENESS, meaning any carved image or form, see Deut. 4: 15-19, for the purpose of worship as v. 5 explains; BOW DOWN NOR SERVE THEM, not to be made for worship. They were not to be idolators; JEALOUS, God is love, and love claims fidelity, and He is "jealous for his own honor;" VISITING THE INIQUITY, or wrong doing; not its guilty penalty, see Deut. 24: 16, but its consequences descend to nations and individuals; HATE ME, sin is practical hatred of God; SHOWING MERCY UNTO THOUSANDS, God's mercy endureth for ever, Ps. 136: 8; TAKE IN VAIN, use lightly, irreverently, and falsely; prohibits profanity and perjury; HOLD HIM GUILTLESS, pronounce innocent, acquit.

II. WITH REFERENCE TO THE SABBATH, GOD'S DAY.—(8-11.) REMEMBER, keep in mind, observe; SABBATH, "rest after labor"; KEEP IT HOLY, sanctify it, Deut. 5: 12, set it apart for sacred purposes; SEVENTH DAY, since Christ rose from the grave on the first day, Christians observe it instead of the seventh day; OF THE LORD, "unto the Lord"; THOU SHALT NOT DO ANY WORK, thou shalt do no strictly worldly work. See Christ's words and example, Matt. 12: 10-13; Mark 2: 23-28; STRANGER, foreigner, not a Jew. The law of Sabbath observance is world-wide; WITHIN THY GATES, within the whole district wherever they might be located; HALLOWED, made holy.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) As Creator and benefactor God is entitled to make laws and demand obedience.
(2.) God's law being just and right in itself requires observance.
(3.) God's honor, as well as regard for his own law, cannot admit any other object to share in that allegiance which his creatures are bound to yield.
(4.) Infringement of God's laws entails punishment not only on those who actually do so, but on others to whom they are related.
(5.) God's mercy provides a remedy for the evil thereby sustained.
(6.) The obligation to keep one day in seven holy is taught not only by the highest example and most direct command, but has been recognized by Christ's true disciples in all ages.
(7.) In keeping the Sabbath shall we follow their example or the example of the world?

LESSON X.

SEPT. 4.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

Exod. 20: 12-21.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 12-17.

12. Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

13. Thou shalt not kill.

14. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

15. Thou shalt not steal.

16. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

17. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.

18. And all the people saw the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking: and when the people saw it, they removed, and stood afar off.

19. And they said unto Moses, Speak thou with us, and we will hear: but let not God speak with us, lest we die.

20. And Moses said unto the people, Fear not: for God is come to prove you, and that his fear may be before your faces, that ye sin not.

21. And the people stood afar off, and Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And the second is like unto it, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets.—MATT. 22: 39, 40.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The law is holy.

INTRODUCTORY.—Some suppose that the Commandments in last lesson were written on one of the two tablets of stone, 31: 18, and the six in this lesson on the other. It is more probable that each tablet contained five. Those of this lesson have direct reference to our duty to our fellow men.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—Study carefully the Daily Readings. Examine yourself, and see which of the commandments you have not broken in thought, word or deed. Go to Christ for strength.

NOTE.—THUNDERINGS, LIGHTNINGS, TRUMPET, MOUNTAIN, SMOKING, the terrific accompaniments of the giving of the law, 19: 20. They resembled closely the phenomena at the eruption of a volcano no volcano being at work, 19: 18. They were evidently miraculous, and meant to impress upon the people the solemnity of the occasion, the importance of the law, and the majesty and power of God. See Introduction to last lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.

LESSON TOPICS.—(I.) SINS OF ACTION. (II.) SINS OF WORD AND THOUGHT. (III.) FEARING GOD.

I. SINS OF ACTION.—(12-15.) HONOR, revere, show regard; FATHER.....MOTHER, as representing God. The range of this law extends to rulers; DAYS MAY BE LONG, i.e., that thou mayest live long in the land, Deut. 5: 16, cf., Eph. 6: 3. Though applying primarily to Israel, this promise is of wider application, as is proved by experience, KILL, "murder," applies only to the taking of human life from malice. On this and the next commandment, as to adultery, see Christ's words, Matt. 5: 21-32; STEAL i. e., depriving either God or man of what belongs or is due to either, whether goods or money, reputation or estate.

II. SINS OF WORD AND THOUGHT.—(16,17.) BEAR FALSE WITNESS, cf., Deut. 19: 16-19, "answer falsely," with reference to a court of justice; but applicable to all our intercourse with our NEIGHBOR, said by Rabbins to mean only a fellow Jew; by Christ as equivalent to our fellow man, Luke 10: 25-37; COVET, "desire," Deut. 5: 21; the sin consists in allowing the desire to be a working motive to disobedience of any commandment, as its scope implied. The Roman Catholic Church, omitting the Second Commandment, divides the Tenth into two, so as to retain the number ten.

III. FEARING GOD.—(18-21.) SAW, perception through any of the senses; here they heard and saw; THUNDERINGS, LIGHTNINGS, ETC., see Note; NOISE OF THE TRUMPET, not from a real trumpet, but resembling the noise of the cornet made of a ram's horn, used by the priests for assembling the people; REMOVED, farther from the mountain; SPEAK THOU WITH US, they felt their need for a middle man; HEAR, give heed and obey; the heads of the people and elders spoke; LEST WE DIE, the awful phenomena terrified them, and made them dread destruction, Deut. 5: 23-27. They felt they could not hear God's words, but through Moses as their mediator; FEAR NOT, i. e., that God will destroy you How often has it been graciously repeated by God himself; TO PROVE YOU, i.e., to give you an opportunity to show your obedience, trust; HIS FEAR MAY BE BEFORE YOUR FACES, i.e., that regard and reverence for him may be ever in your hearts and minds, and prevent you from sinning against him; MOSES DREW NEAR, "was made to draw near"; THICK DARKNESS probably of the cloud upon the mount, 19: 16.

TEACHINGS:

(1.) Watch your words and your feelings; God does; they may be as sinful as any deed.
(2.) Be satisfied with what God gives you.
(3.) God is terrible to the sinner, but becomes a loving Father through Christ.
(4.) Through our Mediator we can come to God at all times and in every place.
(5.) Every "temptation" or "trial" is an opportunity to show our faith and love.

GOD'S LAWS ARE HIS

I. JUDGMENTS,	*VI.* COMMANDMENTS,
II. ORDINANCES,	*VII.* STATUTES,
III. WORDS,	*VIII.* PRECEPTS,
IV. WAYS,	*IX.* NAME,
V. FAITHFULNESS,	*X.* TESTIMONIES.

PSALM 119.

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